

Pal. Tis in our power,
 (Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to
 Be Masters of our manners: what neede I
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
 Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
 Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd; fav'd too,
 Speaking it truly; why am I bound
 By any generous bond to follow him
 Followes his Taylor, haply so long untill
 The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,
 Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him
 My poore Chinne too; for tis not Cizard iust
 To such a Favorites glasse: What Cannon is there
 That does command my Rapier from my hip
 To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
 Before the streete be foule? Either I am
 The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none
 That draw i'th sequent trace: these poore sleight sores,
 Neede not a plantin; That which rips my bosome
 Almost to'th heart's,

Arcite. Out Vncle Creon,

Pal. He,

A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
 Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured
 Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts
 Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
 Voluble chance, who onely attributes
 The faculties of other Instruments
 To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men service,
 And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
 That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
 The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt
 From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
 Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Cleere spirited Cozen

Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing share,
 Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

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Will relish of the pasture, and we must
 Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen
 In blood, unlesse in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:

I thinke the Ecchoes of his shames have dea'ft
 The eares of heav'nly Iustice: widdows cryes
 Descend againe into their throates, and have not: *Enter Val-*
 Due audience of the Gods: *alerius* *(lerius.*

Val. The King calls for you; yet be leaden footed
 Till his great rage be off him. *Phebus* when
 He broke his whipstocke and exclaimd against
 The Horses of the Sun, but whisperd too
 The lowdenesse of his Fury.

Pal. Small windes shake him,
 But whats the matter?

Val. *Thebes* (who where he threatens appals,) hath sent
 Deadly defyance to him, and pronounces
 Ruine to *Thebes*, who is at hand to seale
 The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach;
 But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings not
 A jot of terrour to us; Yet what man
 Thinke his owne worth (the case is each of ours)
 When that his actions dregd, with minde affurd
 Tis bad he goes about.

Pal. Leave that unreasond.
 Our services stand now for *Thebes*, not *Creon*,
 Yet to be neutrall to him, were dishonour;
 Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
 With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
 Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arc. So we must;
 Ist sed this warres afoote? or it shall be
 On faile of some condition.

Pal. Tis in motion
 The intelligence of state came in the instant
 With the desier.

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Pal.